

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

# MILITARY

6

JANUARY

No. 35

COMICS

10¢

MIGHTY  
**BLACKHAWK**  
finds  
Unknown Peril-

on the treacherous  
reefs of  
**SHIPWRECK**  
**ISLAND!**





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Both MASC and FURN to place weapons. It also said  
that for 10 days, I was not disturbed that I was  
performing these major tasks. I only when I and you  
will properly reflect my nature.

- ☐ Option C: I will pay the customer \$1.00 for the 20 minutes and C.S. charges.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_

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**SHIPWRECK ISLAND** is a small coral atoll, with a lagoon surrounded by reefs, where lay the rotting hulks of ships that met a mysterious doom! Here came the **BLACKHAWKS**, searching for the answer to an unknown peril!

Here, too, Blackhawk came to the end of a new danger trail and barely escaped death on the treacherous reefs of **SHIPWRECK ISLAND!**



# BLACKHAWK





# HOW DID IT HAPPEN?...

VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC HAS LEFT THE ISLAND OF LAGUNA WELL WITHIN THE SAFETY ZONE FOR ALLIED MERCHANT VESSELS...



WE'RE APPROACHING LAGUNA, CAPTAIN! ISN'T THAT THE PLACE THEY CALL SHIP-WRECK ISLAND?

YES! WE'VE LOST MANY SHIPS IN THIS REGION!



BUT THE COPRA QUEEN IS SAFE! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN TO US ON A SEA LIKE THIS!

IT'S AS SMOOTH AS GLASS, SIR!



SO THE COPRA QUEEN SAILS ON, WHILE THE SUN SETS ON A VOYAGE THAT SOON WILL BE SHROUDED IN THE DARKNESS OF MYSTERY...



AT A NEARBY NAVAL BASE...

COPRA QUEEN IS OVERDUE, SIR! ALL HANDS ARE PRESUMED TO BE LOST!

HER LAST RADIO SIGNAL THAT CAME THROUGH SAID SHE HAD JUST OFF SHIPWRECK ISLAND!



ANOTHER SHIP'S DISAPPEARED, SIR!

WHA! VANISHED COMPLETELY! ON A ROUTE THAT IS BEING CONSTANTLY PATROLLED BY OUR WARSHIPS!



IT HAS ME BAFFLED! THIS MYSTERY MUST BE CLEARED UP! I AM GOING TO CALL IN THE BLACKHAWKS!



















THAT CRAZY GIRL!  
SHE ASKS FOR TROUBLE!  
STILL, I HOPE  
NOTHING'S  
SERIOUSLY  
WRONG!



IF ANYTHING HAS HAPPENED,  
I'LL NEVER STOP OR REST  
UNTIL I FIND WHO OR  
WHAT IS RESPONSIBLE!



AFTER HOURS OF FLYING...

LOOK!  
DOWN  
THERE!



IT'S THE PRINCE  
OF INDORE! SHE'S  
BARELY MOVING, BUT IT  
LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING  
IS ALL RIGHT.



BUT AS THE BLACKHAWKS FLY CLOSER, THEY SEE NO  
SIGN OF MOVEMENT ABOARD THE SHIP...

THE DECKS SEEM  
DESERTED! WE'D  
BETTER GO DOWN  
FOR A LOOK!



RELEASE PONTOONS!  
SIT DOWN LIGHTLY,  
MEN!



SOMETHING'S  
QUEER! NOBODY  
SAW US  
LAND!











**I**N THE LAGOON OF SHIPWRECK ISLAND, THREE STEEL PROWS CUT THE QUIET WATER INTO FROTHING FOAM...



YOU TOOK THE PRINCE OF INDORE IN A SURPRISE ATTACK AND YOU KILLED THE CREW! WHY DO YOU SPARE ME?

WOULD YOU LIKE REST AT BOTTOM OF SEA WITH WEIGHTS ATTACHED YOUR BODY? SUCH FATE IS NOT FOR ONE SO BEAUTIFUL AS YOU!



DO NOT THINK HARSH OF ME! WE HAD TO DISPOSE OF BODIES SUCH WAY! THERE MUST BE NOTHING TO REVEAL OUR PRESENCE!

YOU MURDERER! DON'T TOUCH ME!



MINE IS LONELY LIFE... AN ISLE FAR FROM MY COUNTRY! YOU COULD MAKE MY HARDSHIP MOST EASIER TO BEAR! YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I SAY?



YES! AND I WON'T MAKE YOU WAIT FOR AN ANSWER!



YOU WILL REGRET THIS! AH, YESS! YOU WILL PAY FOR HAVING INSULT CAPTAIN NURAMAI!



**I**NTO A CANYON FOLLOWED OUT FROM SOLID REEF ROCK, THE SUBMARINES DISAPPEAR FROM VIEW...





























# CHOO-CHOO

## and CHERRY

OH, CHERRY—WOULD  
THAT I WERE STANDING  
ON A DOCK, WAITING  
TO BOARD A  
PALATIAL  
YACHT!

STOP THE HAUNING, CHOO-CHOO,  
OR WE'LL BE DOCKED FOR BEING  
LATE TO WORK!

### *Pity the Poor Working Girl!*

CHOO-CHOO LAMOE, MODEL  
(WHEN SHE'S 'MOODING')<sup>®</sup>  
ASPIRES TO BE AN ACTRESS!  
AND HER ROOM-MATE,  
CHERRY LANE, SALESGIRL,  
JUST ASPIRES!

TOGETHER THEY DREAM  
OF THREE SQUARES A DAY  
—THE FIRST ONE SERVED  
IN BED!































AND SO ...  
THERE IS  
NOTHING LIKE  
THE PEACE  
AND QUIET  
OF HOME ...  
... AFTER  
A WEARY DAY





# DEATH PATROL



**MYSTERY! INTRIGUE!...** How do the Jap Patrol Snipers land on this well-fortified island?... You readers will be given all the clues — so, see if you can solve the case before DEATH PATROL DOES!...

**CLUE ①...** UNITED STATES NAVAL MOVEMENTS AND ARMY TRANSPORT ROUTES ARE KEPT SECRET UNDER THE PROTECTIVE SHIELD OF RADIO COMMUNICATIONS WHICH ARE CONTROLLED BY THIS ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC AREA.

**CLUE ②...** TOUG, JAP JERY MILITARY AUTHORITY, HAS DISCOVERED THE LOCATION THROUGH RADIO JAPANESE SECRET RADIO BEAMS...

**CLUE ③...** SUBMARINE APPROACHES ARE USELESS BECAUSE OF ROCKY FORMATIONS IN NEARBY WATERS...

WELL, WELL! WE MUST BREAK HONORABLE RADIO CENTER — HONORABLE QUICK!

YEAH! YEAH! WOULDN'T YOU STUPID AMERICANS LIKE TO KNOW HOW WE KNOW YOU KNOW?

FOR BE B-N! NOW THEY TELL HONORABLE U.S.





**CLUE 2**...ALTHOUGH THE ROCKY FORMATIONS PREVENT ASCENT TO THE TOP OF THE ISLAND WITHOUT USING THE ABANDONED CABLE CAR, JAP SHOPS HAVE BEEN FOUND THERE!...

WUWA! THANKS!  
HONORABLE YANKS  
NO CAN FIND

美虎牌  
PHOENIX!

CLUE ① — BECAUSE OF NATURAL COVER AND CONCEALMENT  
OFFERED BY THE TERRAIN, THE JAP SHIFTERS ARE DIFFICULT  
TO DISCOVER — BUT NEVERTHELESS THEY DISORDER OUR  
ARM AND PREVENT EFFICIENT RADIO OPERATION —

IN' DIRTY  
SNEAK SWIMMER  
JAPS! - THEY'VE  
GOT MY  
BLOODY!

WE HAVE MUCH  
HONORABLE GOOD  
FUN! - BUT NOW WE  
KILL! WE HONORABLE  
MEAN, HUNT

YOU WILL  
BE MUCH PLEASED  
WITH HONORABLE  
SNIPPERS LIKE  
US!

AND THAT'S WHY DEBARTH PATROL IS TAKING OVER.

1997



1998

THE WANTS FOR

**LAST NIGHT... DEATH PATROLS DOGGED  
THE SNEAKTHIGHTS --AND PATROLS  
THE ISLAND--**

ALL RIGHT, GUYS!  
SPREAD OUT - AND  
KEEP YOUR EARS  
AND EYES OPEN!

**ILL TAKE  
THE AFRICAN  
ROUTE!**



THE  
FACE  
THE LOW  
COST



WALL... YOU'RE OTTOMAN-ATED! WHAT  
DID I DO AND HIT UP HERE IN  
HONG-KONG  
277



IT'S GRABPS! HE'S CRASHED  
INTO SOMETHING! THERE  
HE GOES!











# JOHNNY DAUGHBOY





# Private DOGTAG



AT AN ARMY CAMP IN THE LOUISIANA SWAMP COUNTRY, PRIVATE DOGTAG'S BERRANT IS CALLED BEFORE THE COMMANDING OFFICER...

OLD MAN WALLSTONE WANTS A SOLDIER GUARD AT HIS HOUSE TONIGHT! HE'S BEING HARRIED AND HE'S AFRAID SOMEBODY MAY TRY TO MURDER HIM!

WHO'D WANT TO MURDER HIM?

HE SAYS HIS NAME IS BAYON BERRANT! HE ONCE REFUSED TO MARRY HER AND SHE SWORE SHE'D KILL HIM BEFORE SHE'D EVER LET HIM MARRY ANYONE ELSE!

OF COURSE, IT'S JUST AN ECCENTRIC OLD MAN'S WHIM, BUT WALLSTONE IS ONE OF THE FEW LIVING CIVIL WAR VETERANS IN THESE PARTS, AND BESIDES PART OF THIS CAMP IS ON HIS PROPERTY... SO WE OWE HIM THE COURTESY OF A ONE-MAN GUARD!













MILITARY COMICS













SO THERE YOU ARE!  
I'VE BEEN LOOKING  
ALL OVER FOR YA!

GA-A-A! IT'S  
BAYOU BESSIE!

BAYOU BESSIE! SO YOU  
GOT TO WALLSTONE AND  
KILLED HIM, AFTER ALL  
THE PRECAUTIONS  
WE TOOK?

HEH! HEH! SO  
WALLSTONE'S DEAD,  
EH? — THAT'S  
MIGHTY  
FUNNY!

THERE'S SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS  
ABOUT EVERYONE HERE! THIS  
CALLS FOR DETECTIVE  
WORK!

EVERYBODY IS TO  
STAY RIGHT HERE  
UNTIL THIS MYSTERY  
IS SOLVED!

THAT'S WHAT  
YOU THINK! LET'S  
GET OUTTA HERE,  
ELLIE LOU!

BANG!

CRASH!

BOP!

HERE'S A  
CANDLE!

YOU DIDN'T RUN AWAY!  
THEN MAYBE YOU DIDN'T  
KILL WALLSTONE  
AFTER ALL!

HEERE,  
BEE!











# LOST WOMAN

IN re-telling this strange story, I make no changes from the original, which appears in The Old Santa Fe Trail. It is a tale you'll never forget.

Somewhere near the Big Timbers, a band of Cheyennes were in camp in the fall of 1833. They had just killed plenty of buffalo and were taking it easy while the women jerked the meat and dressed the robes. One morning while it was still dark a woman lying in her tipi suddenly awakened and felt the beat of galloping hooves against the ground on which she lay. The dogs began to bark loudly. She sat up, then scrambled to her feet just as a war-whoop shrilled at the far end of the camp. She ran out of the tent and looked around her. Enemies were charging the camp, which was suddenly alive.

All around her was confusion. The old men were yelling advice. Young men dashed by to catch their horses or galloped past to meet their enemies. She could see the flash of guns and hear them crashing as the charge swept home.

Women and children sped by her away from the battle, running in all directions to find a place of safety, mothers hugging their babies or dragging older children by the hand, frightened girls clutching their blankets under their chins, matrons puffing for breath, hobbling old women making off as best they could with their sticks. Children

cried, dogs yelped, horses reared and plunged, but above all she was conscious of the sound of shooting.

Already the warriors were among the tents, firing at everybody and the Cheyennes were killed before her eyes.

All this she saw in a moment. Then she was running as hard as she could go towards the bluffs, stumbling through the darkness. She could never remember how, but at last she arrived, panting and trembling, among the rocks. As it grew lighter she cowered back among them and found a shallow cave where she could hide.

By that time her enemies had driven her people out of the camp, set the tents on fire, took the captured ponies and rode away.

In the afternoon when the Cheyennes were sure that their enemies had gone for good, several old men came out of hiding into the valley where the camp had been, and began to call the people together. Over and over again for a long time they kept on calling until most of the people had assembled. Winter was coming on. They had no horses with which to hunt, and all their food, bedding and tents had been destroyed. A council was held and they voted to strike out afoot, looking for another camp for their tribe.

In the cave with the woman was another person, a young boy. They were both frightened almost to death and dared not look out of the cave all day.

Even when they heard the old men calling the people, the woman and the boy were afraid to budge out of hiding. They stayed in the cave, and the Cheyennes, who supposed they were dead or captured, went away and left them.

All night the two of them remained in the cave without food, fire or water. It was cold that night, and they had no buffalo robes to warm them. In the morning they were starving and shivering with cold. Everything was quiet. The woman looked out of the cave. She could see no danger. Still they waited there, for they were badly frightened. But at last they became so hungry that they sneaked out, went down into the valley, and prowled around where the camp had stood. Everything had been burned up. The whole place was covered with heaps of ashes where the tents had been. They poked through the ashes and found a small piece of dried beef charred by fire. The woman divided it with the boy and they ate it between them.

They were very thirsty then, and went to the spring for a drink. The woman drank only a little water, but the boy lay down on the ground, stuck his lips in the cold water, and filled himself up. Immediately he took a chill, and in a little while he was dead. She was left alone. . . .

Lost Woman had not even a knife.

She took things from the



fringes of her dress and made snares of them. Next morning she found a rabbit in one of the snares, and ate it raw. This meal gave her fresh courage, and she went to work and made more snares, which she set all up and down the valley. In this way she captured other rabbits. From time to time she moved her camp a mile or two so that she was able always to catch more rabbits. She skinned them and tanned the hides, using their sinews for thread and a piece of sharp bone for a needle. She made herself a robe.

One night Lost Woman had a dream. In her dream she was walking across the prairie. As she passed over a hillock, she saw the whole country with all its streams and hills spread before her, and all dotted with buffalo. As she passed over the country, she came to a level place between two buffalo wallows. There she saw a knife lying on the ground. Then her heart was glad. She bent down and picked up the knife. That was the end of her dream.

When Lost Woman woke up, she took her robe of rabbit fur, her snares and root-digging stick, and started off over the prairie on the trail of her people. Suddenly that afternoon as she passed over a hill-top, she saw the whole country spread out as she had seen it in her dream.

She was astirished and encouraged. She went straight to the level place between two buffalo wallows where she had found the knife in her dream. There was the knife on the ground. Lost Woman picked it up and was happy. She held up her hands to Man Above, gave thanks, and kept on.

A bunch of buffalo was grazing not far from where she stood. The woman sharpened her knife against a stone and sneaked up towards the buffalo. Her mouth watered as she looked at them. She was sick of rabbit meat, and longed for a warm robe.

There was a cow asleep on the edge of the herd. Lost Woman crept up from behind and cut its throat with a swift slash. Then she jumped away. The cow scrambled up and staggered about, coughing out its life, soaking the grass with blood.

Lost Woman butchered the cow and ate some of the warm raw liver seasoned with gall. Then she skinned the cow, cut some sharp stakes, and pegged the skin flat on the prairie. While it was drying, she jerked the beef, so that she had plenty to eat. She knew it would be very difficult to kill another buffalo as she had killed that one. When the hide was dried, she scraped it clean with her knife and tanned it with the brains and liver of the buffalo. Then she had a warm robe and plenty to eat.

She made a bow and four arrows and found flint arrowheads for them as she wandered over the prairie. At first she could not hit anything with her arrows, but in time she learned to use the bow and killed other buffalo and made herself a small tent of the hides. She jerked all the beef and had enough to keep her all winter. When spring came, she had seen no human being since the fight in the valley. She made a pack to carry her belongings in and plodded on to the north.

One day she was walking

over the open prairie, she saw Indians on horseback coming. She was frightened. "They will kill me," she thought.

She tried to run, but they were on horseback and galloped straight for her. She was surrounded. They were Arapahoes, allies of her people.

The Arapahoes were friendly and said they would take her with them. They were going on the summer buffalo hunt, but they were not going toward the camps of her people. They could not give up their hunt to take her home at that time. When they did return, Lost Woman had been gone from her people a whole year. They welcomed her as one returned from the dead.

She did not tell anyone about her dream. All that winter she kept silent.

The Sun Dance is held in summer. In the fall Lost Woman fell sick and sent for her sister. Lost Woman raised herself up on one elbow and said: "Sister, I am going to die. I have offended Man Above. When I was lost and helpless, I prayed to him and asked him to bring me back to my people alive. He brought me back. But I saw they were poor and cannot afford to make the Sun Dance. Man Above is angry."

Her sister was very sad and said, "No, you shall live and be strong again."

Lost Woman shook her head, and later on she died.

Nowadays, although the Cheyennes are educated, and travel in automobiles, they still hold an annual Sun Dance in Oklahoma. The old men have long memories. They have not forgotten Lost Woman.



# PT BOAT



Perry

The record of the PT BOATS tells of gallant crews, breakaway dashes into peril, and the zooming, high speed of their battle action!

Many and sundry are the roles they play in this war of nations, as told in the story of 'The Bugle of Tyka MacDougall'!



Paul





WHILE PT BOATS RACE THROUGH THE TROUBLED WATERS...



DESTROYING THE ENEMY AND PROTECTING THE COAST FROM FOREIGN INVADERS...



...THE SMALL VILLAGE OF LAEDOCK STILL SLEEPS, QUIET EXCEPT FOR A STRANGE MUSICAL SOUND WHICH FLOATS OVER THE HEATHER...



HOOT, MON! WHAT'S THAT I HEAR? 'TIS ENOUGH TO DRIVE A SANE MAN OUT O' HIS SENSES!

MACDOUGALL, I'M HARKIN' YE! YOUR LAD STOPS A-HOOTIN' ON THAT BUGLE, OR I'LL BRING THE LAM ON YE!



I WANT NO TROUBLE! I'LL SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN!

TYKE! I DINNA WANT TO HEAR NAE MORE! A GOOD SCOTSMAN WIT A BUGLE! AND WHERE MAY BE YOUR BAGPIPES?



I'VE NO TALENT FOR THE BAGPIPE, FATHER! — YOU PROMISED I COULD LEARN TO PLAY THE BUGLE!

YELL BRING NAE MORE SHAME ON YOUR POOR FATHER! OUT GOES THE BUGLE, AND YE WILL LEARN TO PLAY THE BAGPIPE — LIKE ANY SANE MAN!

YES, FATHER!



TYKE, WHERE ARE YE?



Father, I am off to America to join the British. I have decided that I will be a soldier in the British Army.



AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE...

SO YOU'RE A BUGLER!... THERE'S NO NEED FOR ONE AT PRESENT, BUT I'M SURE WE CAN FIND SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO!



MAYBE FATHER WAS RIGHT! MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN UP THE BAGPIPES!



BUT TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS, AND TYKE MACDOUGALL WAS NOT A MAN TO HOLD A GRUDGE! NOT WHEN THERE WAS ACTION IN THE OFFING!

FAR FROM HOME, HE FOUND ALL THE ACTION ANY RED-BLOODED YOUNG MAN COULD DESIRE...

THERE'S THE ATTACK SIGNAL!

ARE YOU TELLIN' TYKE MACDOUGALL THAT THE BUGLE'S SAYIN' COME ON!



I'LL KNOCK YOUR BUCK TEETH DOWN THE BACK OF YOUR THROAT!



HEY! WE'RE GETTING AHEAD OF OUR OUTFIT!

WE'LL FIND THEM AGAIN! COME ON!



NIGHTFALL FINDS TYKE MACDOUGALL FAR FROM HIS COMPANY...

WE'RE LOST! I TOLD YOU THIS WOULD HAPPEN!

IT'S THE FAULT O' THAT BUGLER!... IF HE BLEW LOUD ENOUGH, WE COULD HEAR HIM!



THEY SHOULD HA' MADE ME A BUGLER! I'D —

LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT?



BAGPIPES!! THAT MEANS THERE ARE SCOTS NEARBY!

WE'RE SAVED!















YES ... WHY?



IT MUST BE A MIRAGE! OUR MEN ARE SUPPOSED TO BE BELOW HERE!



...SO THE JAPS SPRANG A TRAP ON OUR MEN!... THEY'LL NEED SUPPLIES AND REINFORCEMENTS!

AND WE'RE JUST THE BOYS TO GET THEM!



NA! NA! I MUST GO BACK! THEY'RE WAITING WORD FROM ME!



AFTER WE RADIO FOR THE HELP YOUR MEN NEED!



BUT YOUR BOAT — CAN YOU MAKE IT? THOSE JAPS...















# Pacific Patrol

FIGHTING BACK TOWARD THE SCENE OF A HEROIC LAST STAND, AMERICANS BRING NEARER THE DAY OF RECKONING!



AT AN ADVANCED BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, WHERE MARINES GATHER FOR A NEW ATTACK...

COLONEL WALTER L. J. BAYLER REPORTING BACK FOR DUTY, SIR!

AS I REMEMBER, YOU WERE THE LAST MAN OFF WAKE ISLAND, COLONEL!



I REMEMBER AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY! JUST BEFORE THE NIPS OVERWHELMED US BY SUPERIOR NUMBERS...



I WANT TO STAY AND FIGHT TO THE END, MAJOR!

BUT SOMEBODY MUST GET BACK TO THE MAIN FORCES WITH INFORMATION WE'VE LEARNED ABOUT JAPANESE FIGHTING METHODS!

THERE JUST WEREN'T ENOUGH MARINES! THEY WENT DOWN AT LAST, OUTNUMBERED TWENTY TO ONE!



I WAS THE LAST MARINE OFF WAKE ISLAND THEN - I'D LIKE TO BE THE FIRST MARINE ON WAKE ISLAND WHEN WE TAKE IT BACK!

PERHAPS THAT WILL COME TRUE, COLONEL BAYLER!



AND WHEN WE'RE ON WAKE ISLAND -- NEXT STOP TOKYO!!!







This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

# AMERICAN INFANTRY PIERCE JUNGLE TO SMASH JAPANESE

Now it can be told: a tale of grim endurance, of surmounting, of almost impossible barriers, of bloody battle and then victory at the end of the terrible march!

The Second Battalion of the 126th Infantry, U.S.A., upheld the tradition of the American doughboy as seldom, if ever, it has been upheld in the history of warfare! Mud, mountains, thick-matted trees and vines, fever, storm and hunger, and, finally, the Japanese who threatened to sweep New Guinea—all were met and vanquished by the men of the 126th, who can always march one more step and fire one more shot!





THIS IS THE  
SAGA OF A  
MICHIGAN BAT-  
TALION AT THE  
CRISIS OF THE  
CAMPAIGN FOR  
NEW GUINEA!

JAPAN STILL  
THREATENED  
ALL THE SOUTH  
PACIFIC WHEN  
TWO OFFICERS  
OF THE 126TH  
INFANTRY  
CONFERRED ON  
NEW GUINEA'S  
SOUTH COAST...

THE JAP COLUMNS ARE  
RETREATING BEFORE  
THE AUSTRALIANS TO  
THE WEST OF HERE,  
MAJOR SMITH! BUT  
NOT VERY FAST!

WHEN THEY  
REACH THEIR  
SUPPLY DEPOTS,  
THEY MAY COUNTER-  
ATTACK, COLONEL  
GEERDS!



IF HE COULD CROSS THE  
OWEN STANLEY MOUNTAINS  
WITH THE SECOND  
BATTALION ---

WE'RE GOING TO  
CROSS IT, MAJOR!  
TWO HUNDRED MILES  
AND MORE THROUGH  
JUNGLE AND MUD AND  
MOUNTAINS--AND HIT  
THE JAPANESE  
FLANK!



AND SO THE 2ND BATTALION,  
126TH INFANTRY--840 OFFICERS  
AND MEN, MOSTLY RECRUITED  
FROM AMONG MICHIGAN  
LUMBERJACKS--PREPARES  
TO MARCH!

ALL PRESENT  
AND ACCOUNTED  
FOR, SIR!

CUT THE  
EQUIPMENT  
DOWN TO BARE  
ESSENTIALS, MAJOR!  
BE READY TO  
LEAVE IN AN  
HOUR!



HERE'S THE  
TRAIL! FOLLOW  
ME!



A FEW STEPS AND THEN  
THE JUNGLE CLOSES IN!  
STREAMS MUST BE  
FORDED ---

KEEP THE RIFLES  
DRY! WE'LL BE  
FIGHTING FOR OUR  
LIVES AT THE END  
OF THIS MARCH!



SINISTER JUNGLE  
DWELLERS OPPOSE  
THE ADVANCE!









AND NOW THE MARCH IS  
SOMETIMES MADE ON  
ALL FOURS...

WALK, RUN OR  
CRAWL—THE INFANTRY  
WILL GET THERE!

MORE ARE STRICKEN  
BY FEVER, AND  
EXHAUSTION, INCLUDING  
THE COMMANDER...

I FOUGHT THROUGH THE  
OTHER WAR, MAJOR...  
MAYBE I'M TOO OLD FOR  
THIS ONE! YOU'LL HAVE  
TO TAKE THE BOYS THE  
REST OF THE WAY!

I'LL DO MY  
BEST, COLONEL  
GLEEDS!

ONWARD, UPWARD,  
EVERY INCH AN  
ORDEAL!

C'MON! I'LL HELP  
YOU! I HAD A SWISS  
MOUNTAINEER FOR  
A GRANDFATHER!

EVEN A SWISS  
MOUNTAIN GOAT  
WOULD SLOW  
UP HERE!

THAT'S ONE OF  
OUR PLANES, DROPPING  
SUPPLIES!

FOOD AND  
MEDICINE!  
WE'RE OUT  
OF BOTH!

ON AND ON  
THEY STRUGGLE—  
NEVER QUITTING  
EXCEPT—

GET UP,  
JEFF!

NO USE!  
JEFF'S  
DEAD OF  
THE FEVER!

WE CROSSED THE  
MOUNTAINS, HUH?  
THIS LOOKS LIKE  
LOWER JUNGLE!

NO SUCH  
LUCK! WE'RE  
ONLY IN A  
VALLEY  
BETWEEN  
TWO RIDGES!

AT LAST, THE TOP OF THE  
RANGE—12,000 FEET  
ABOVE SEA LEVEL!

NOW, DOWN THE OTHER  
SIDE! THE JAPS WILL  
BE WAITING  
FOR US!



IN THE WILDERNESS BEYOND, THE AUSTRALIAN SEVENTH DIVISION BATTLES THE JAPANESE!



WE MUST FALL BACK AGAIN!

ONLY TO LEAD THE ENEMY TO A GROUND WHERE HE CAN BE BEATEN! OUR FLANKS ARE SAFE—WE NEED GUARD ONLY TO OUR FRONT!



BUT, THROUGH THE THICKETS COMES THE SECOND BATTALION!

THE BATTLE'S JUST BEYOND, SIR! WE'RE COMING UP ON THE JAPANESE FLANK!

FORM FOR BATTLE!



THOSE MOUNTAINS PROTECT US FROM AN ATTACK TO OUR LEFT!—



CHARGE!



AMERICANS! DEFEND YOURSELVES!







GO ON! SMASH THEM! DON'T LET THEM GET SET AGAINST US!

AFTER THAT LITTLE PICNIC IN THE JUNGLE, FIGHTING JAPS IS A VACATION!



STAND UP AGAINST THE AUSTRALIAN ADVANCE!

AMERICANS—ON OUR LEFT FLANK!



HOW DID THEY GET THERE?

MAGIC!... FOREIGN MAGIC!



WE CANNOT KEEP THE RETREAT ORDERLY! THE MEN ARE CRUMPLING!



MAJOR SMITH, UNITED STATES INFANTRY—FRESH FROM OVER THE MOUNTAINS!

WELCOME TO OUR PARTY, SIR! LET'S KEEP AFTER THE YELLOW BOYS!



THE JAPS HAVE EVACUATED THIS NATIVE VILLAGE!

THOSE HUTS LOOK LIKE THE RITZ AFTER WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH!



WHILE THE COMMANDERS PLAN FOR PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY, WE REST HERE!

REST!... NEVER THOUGHT I'D HEAR THAT WORD AGAIN!



NEXT, AN ATTACK ON THE JAPANESE BASES  
ON NEW GUINEA'S NORTHERN COAST!



UP AND  
AT 'EM!

THIS IS WHAT WE  
TOOK OUR LITTLE  
STROLL TO  
FIND!



THE SPIRIT OF  
THE ENEMY IS  
BROKEN!

LOOK! THIS  
ONE COMMITTED  
HARI-KIRI!

NOT THESE  
TWO! THEY  
RESIGN!



EVEN THE  
WOUNDED  
ARE CHEERFUL  
AS THEY GO  
TO HOSPITALS!

ONE LOOK AT YOU IS  
ALL THE MEDICINE I  
NEED, NURSE!

I RANK AS  
LIEUTENANT,  
SOLDIER—SO  
OBEY ORDERS  
AND DRINK  
THIS!



WHILE THE ESCAPING JAPANESE  
HAVE ANOTHER UNPLEASANT MOMENT!

YOU WERE  
COMMANDED  
TO HOLD THAT  
POSITION!

IMPOSSIBLE!  
WILD DEMONS  
CAME FROM  
THE JUNGLE!



HOW CAN WE  
FIGHT MEN WHO  
CROSS MOUNTAINS  
BY MAGIC?



YES, IT'S MAGIC! THE AMERICAN  
INFANTRYMAN CAN STILL OUTTHINK,  
OUTGROW AND OUT-  
FIGHT ANYTHING THE AXIS  
CAN OFFER!





# I Will Train You at Home For Good Jobs Now Open in **RADIO**



Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy field with a bright peacetime future! Today there is a shortage of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for a FREE copy of my 44-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs, tells how N.R.I. trains you at home in spare time—how you get practical experience building and testing Radio Circuits with **SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS** I send!

## Big Demand Now For Well Trained Radio Technicians, Operators

Keeping old Radios working is booming the Radio Repair business. Profits are large, after-the-war prospects are bright, too. Think of the new boom in Radio Sales and Servicing that's coming when new Radios are again available—when Frequency Modulation and Electronics can be promoted—when Television starts its postwar expansion!

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation Radio, Police Radio, Loudspeaker Systems, Radio Manufacturing all offer good jobs now to qualified Radio men—and most of these fields have a big backlog of business that is building up during the war, plus opportunities to expand into new fields opened by wartime developments. You may never again see a time when it will be so easy to get a start in Radio!

## Many Beginners Soon Make \$15, \$20 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll for my Course I start sending you **EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS** that help show how to make **EXTRA** money fixing Radios in spare time while still learning. I send you **SIX** big kits of Radio parts as part of my Course. You **LEARN** Radio fundamentals from my illustrated, easy-to-grasp lessons—**PRACTICE** what you learn by building real Radio Circuits—and **USE** your knowledge to make **EXTRA** money!

## Find Out What N.R.I. Can Do For You

**MAIL THE COUPON** for your **FREE** copy of my 44-page book. It's packed with facts—things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Aviation Radio, other Radio fields. Read the details about my Course—"30-60 Training Method"—4 Experimental Kits—**EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS**. See the fascinating jobs Radio offers and how you can do it at home. Read many letters from men I trained telling what they are doing, earning. No obligation. Just **MAIL COUPON** in its envelope or pasted on a penny postcard—J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. SAAS, National Radio Institute, Washington 5, D. C.

## Radio Jobs Like These Go to Men I Trained

**ONE a Month in One Business.**—"I am in business for myself making around \$100 a month. I owe N.R.I. to thank for my start."—**A. J. FRIEDMAN**, 1018 W. Texas Ave., Orem Creek, Texas.



**\$15 a Week in Spare Time.**—"I made \$150 in a year and a half, and now make an average of \$15 a week—just spare time."—**JOHN JERRY**, 266 South 11 St., Santa Ana, California.



**Communications Station Operator.**—"As with Civilian Administration, I have become a radio operator, with position after position."—**JERRY E. SCHENCK**, Box 1074, Harlingen, Indiana.



**Chief Operator Broadcasting Station.**—"After I completed your course, I joined Station WJPC, an AM and FM station."—**HOLLIS E. HAYES**, 101 Madison St., Lapeer, Michigan.

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Washington 5, D. C.  
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